

NATURE'S QUEEN.

Last night I stood within the silent wood,
Beneath the silent, breathless, dark and drear,
No living songster's vapor charmed mine
eye.

Not a play of bubbling brooklet flowing near,
Dawn's bright dress upon the silent bough,
And Nature's all Nature was silent,
Standing in solitude, reverent from me.

But on a sudden, came a murmuring rush
Of wind, that lifted every leaf and blade,
Where whispering voices filled the woodland,
And sparkled all the air, as if it had
With pretty gems, white with an opal bloom,
Broke the bright doom from cloud-obscured

And nightingales burst forth in song, most
sweet.

It was the voice upon the summer wind
That waked me all the forest-world, from
sleep.

That caused the myriad stars to wonder,
And gazed upon the beauty, while to keep
The pathway clear the moonbeams inter-
twined.

The prates warbled birds to leaves above,
Porpoise my love of all-my queen-my
joy.

—Grace Ernestine Bixby, in St. Paul's

A DESPERATE UNDERTAKING.

HE bell sounded for the last time. Engineer Mattern kissed his wife, leaped to his engine, and with a shrill whistle the train began to move. The village it was leaving consisted of a few straggling houses, the homes of the railroad men, and the road itself was used principally for the transportation of cattle and freight, but few travelers passed through this wild region.

The distance to Delmane, to which Mattern's work station was situated, was about twenty-five miles, and Mattern arrived there in three hours, in spite of the darkness and disagreeable weather. In the early evening a strong wind had arisen, and till midnight a perfect hurricane raged. As soon as the train arrived at Delmane the bells gave the signal which told the employees all along the line that they could seek their rest, and there was no night train running on that road.

Mattern rested for a little while and then looked after the work he had been given to do which occupied him until about eleven o'clock. Leaving the engine standing with a low fire, as he was to return to the village in six hours, he gathered his tools and went to go to the engine house and get a little sleep. He himself concluded to seek a restaurant that he had noticed, was still lighted up, where, perhaps, he would find congenial company. As he was free the next day, he could sleep then as long as he pleased.

When he came to the station platform he found Mr. Roy, his master, and Mr. Roy who said to him,

"You have just arrived in time. I was going to send some one to hunt you up, there is a telegram here for you."

"A telegram for me?" asked Mattern, looking surprised. "Yes: just come into the waiting-room."

Mr. Roy then held the dispatch in his trembling hands.

"Normal! The train-master at Delmane will please inform Engineer Mattern that his child is seriously ill with diphtheria. Dr. Loden is absent on a journey, and other help not to be had. Ask Mattern to bring a physician from Delmane with him when he reaches the station this morning."

"My child—my poor little Charlie," groaned the father.

"There is nothing we can do but wait and hope for the best," said Mr. Roy, philosophically. "Lie down and



"COME WITH ME, DOCTOR."

try to sleep for a few hours. I shall have to lock up and leave you. Good-night. I hope everything will turn out all right." And with that he went away.

In the darkness stood Mattern. The storm raged, and the rain beat in his face. Half-past eleven! Was his boy living yet? Would medical help be of any avail the next morning? Full well did he know the dangerous character of the illness against which science has not yet found a remedy. Only by quiet and prompt attention can danger be averted.

After a few minutes of deep thought

he suddenly turned and fairly ran to the door of Dr. Sardo and rang the bell. The doctor appeared at an open window above and asked the name of his caller.

"Engineer Mattern," was the answer. "My child has diphtheria and is in great danger."

Dr. Sardo threw the door key out of the window, saying:

"Come in and come up; in the meantime I will dress myself."

Mattern felt around in the darkness for the keyhole, and a few moments later stood before the doctor, a young man, who was comparatively new in the profession.

"Give me a description of your child's condition, so that I can take the necessary steps at once. Diphtheria cases one must use all possible dispatch. You live here in town?"

"No, doctor," answered Mattern; and hurried breath he told his story.

"You say that the train does not return till the morning?" said the doctor, rather impatiently. "Why did you not come at this time of night? What do you expect me to do in the meantime?"

"Come with me, doctor!" cried Mattern, great beads of perspiration starting out on his forehead. "You can save my child if you only will. Out at the station stands my locomotive under steam; if you will come with me I will take you to the engine in an hour's time, and no boy will be safe."

"Are you mad?" Now, at the dead of night, when every one is asleep, without signals or information of any kind at the stations, to be passed, you intend to run your locomotive for twenty-five miles?" Why, man, at the first instant when on the station we should jump the track because the switches would be turned wrong."

"Indeed, doctor, there is no danger, believe me. At all of the stations the switches will be turned for the train that is to leave first in the morning, and as that is mine, you need have no fear about coming with me."

"But if the switches are not closed, and as we can expect a train at this time, we might be the cause of a great deal of harm to passing teams."

"No, no! I know every inch of the ground, and shall exercise the greatest care when we come to the crossings. And besides who would be out in weather like this?"

"But if you propose doing is against all rules and regulations, you will lose your position, besides being responsible for all that may happen."

"What do I care for that? if I could only save my child? You can do this for me if you only will. On my knees I beg of you to come with me! Oh, have pity on me!"

The doctor yielded.

"Like some wild spirit of the night the solitary one crept through the stormy darkness. Mattern had not awakened his fireman for the reason that he did not wish to create any unnecessary excitement in the engine house. When the doctor had taken his place Mattern threw a can of oil on the fire in order to put the engine in quicker motion, and put the two soon flying out of the engine house, only lessened as they passed the first station, which they did without accident, as the switches were turned in the right direction.

The doctor sat down in a corner and tried to finish his broken nap, and Mattern divided his attention between keeping up the fire and regulating the speed of the engine. Had Dr. Sardo any idea of the danger he was in he would not have thought of going to sleep.

The last station was passed in safety. There were only seven miles more to make and they would be at their destination.

While leaning down to his work Mattern suddenly felt the engine jerk. A terrible cry followed. Mattern sprang up and looked about him. By the light of the engine he could see that they had just passed a railroad crossing. The next moment they were again flying along in the darkness and storm.

"What was that?" asked the doctor, who had been half asleep in his chair.

"Oh, ah—wasn't that like a stone or other substance that became fast between the rails?" answered Mattern, with choking breath. "In a few minutes we shall be there."

He slackened the speed of the engine, but he did it mechanically, as if in a dream. That terrible cry almost made him faint.

He could well imagine what had happened. Some cart or wagon must have been crossing at the time his engine came tearing along in the darkness like some spirit of evil, and no doubt he was the cause of a terrible calamity. If not, what was the meaning of that sudden jerk, followed by a heavy thud? The doctor had not noticed it. Mattern could only see dimly through the darkness, but knew the shape of the building too well to be mistaken. He stopped the engine and took the path to his home, followed by the doctor.

Through the window on the second floor he could see a light shining through the darkness, the child lying, writhing with death; and to save this child he had perhaps killed and wounded—how many others?

He ground out slowly. He dragged his weary feet up the stairs. His wife opened the door at his knock.

His boy was still living. Mattern saw his ashen face and heard his rattling breath. In his ears sounded again the awful cry that he had heard

before. His nerves, that for hours he had strained to the limit, now, now that he had reached his destination, and he fell to the floor insensible.

It was late the next morning when the engineer regained consciousness, although he could not yet collect his thoughts very clearly; a racking headache prevented this. His limbs seemed immovable and heavy as lead. In the room he was in he recognized as their room, a deathlike stillness reigned. He tried to lift his head, but in vain; he fell back on the pillow with a groan. His wife heard him and came in, but with a face pale with weeping.

"Ruth! he whispered. "Oh, my dear husband, how thankful I am to see you conscious again!"

"How is the boy?" Is he still alive?" "Oh, yes, thank God! Had you come an hour later it would have been too late, but the doctor thinks he is past all danger now. He has just been called to look at some people who were hurt at the railroad crossing. A woman and a child were injured. Try to sleep a little now, dear husband; that will be your best medicine. I will call you when the doctor returns."

She kissed him and went into the next room where the child was sleeping.

One person dead, three badly hurt, and a woman and a child through. He had had no intention of doing this; all he thought of was the saving of his child; but had he a right to undertake such a fearful responsibility when he knew what terrible consequences might follow?

He rose in despair: he could not endure to lie still; the air of the room almost choked him. In his ears still sounded that fearful deathly whisper.



"I suppose you want to see your boy?"

Trembling limbs he made his way into the bedroom. Both wife and child were sleeping. He looked at them silently, and bitter tears streamed down his cheeks. What would become of those he loved so dearly?

Slowly he went down the stairs, he should have never done it, his heart was heavy with a load he could not bear, and without a word he opened the door and was out on the street. There he stood for some little time, the fresh air seemed to do him good.

The town clock struck seven—it was early yet. Mechanically he turned his engine-house; he wanted to look after his engine, as was his daily custom, but he could not do it. He had to leave.

Suddenly he heard a loud laugh. One of the workmen, whose duty it was to clean the ashes and start the fire, had come up behind him and now said, jokingly:

"I suppose you want to see your son?"

"Ruth?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

The other man laughed more than ever.

"I must have been a pretty good hump. I only wonder that the engine didn't jump the track. The front wheels were full of hair. I cleaned the whole thing and dragged the car away. The axles were full of bones, it was a pity on account of the dead little antlers."

So saying, the workman brought out a stick and with which the firewood was kept a number of the broken pieces of a deer's antlers.

"There you are, the poor fellow fared badly; he did not expect to be disturbed in his dreams at night by the appearance of a locomotive. He was just about to pass the crossing, and, frightened by the light at the engine, he stopped, and, thinking it was a ghost, ran away. You can see him down there. In such cases a deer sometimes acts more stupidly than a sheep or a calf."

Mattern leaned against one of the wheels of his engine to steady himself. So the cry he had heard had been the cry of a dying stag! But where, oh where, had he heard it? when some one was killed and others wounded? Was he awake or only in a feverish dream?

The talkative workman seemed to cross his thoughts, or perhaps felt like giving him news of which he seemed to be in ignorance.

"Engineer Keed was not as lucky as you. The lumbering in taking out the early train he was unfortunate enough to run against a farmer's cart, although

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HARRISON'S POSITION.

He Would Select No One But Himself for President.

John C. New, who was the right-hand man of Ex-President Harrison in 1888, and is so yet for all that is known to the contrary, has been interviewed as to the position of his chief. Since his statements have not been contradicted by Gen. Harrison, it can be taken as a fact that he, too, is a friend of his, it can be taken as a fact that they are "inspired."

It seems, then, that the attitude of the ex-president is the conventional one of the priest who is called on to be a bishop, who does not want the office and dreads its responsibilities, but who accepts it in obedience to a solemn necessity. Gen. Harrison is no小孩子, but he is not yet a man who will not enter into the struggle for nomination which could not bring him any more honor, but which would bring him more care." But if he should be called to active leadership by the party "he will assume the duty as a trust from which his patriotism will not allow him to shrink." This is the language of a Roman rather than a modern Indian.

It was populi said: "General, you must exchange the peaceful repose of your home for the laborious turmoil of the white house." Mr. New says authoritatively that he would pack up and go, and Mr. New is of the opinion that vox populi is going to do that very thing. He says the "unstakable drift of public sentiment" is in favor of Mr. McKinley.

But in order that that drift may not be checked and turned in another direction Mr. New announces that "Gen. Harrison's advice solicited he would select neither Mr. McKinley nor Mr. Reed as the republican candidate for president."

In other words, "public sentiment" is warned that if out of regard for Mr. Harrison's advice he selects a private life, he is not called to be a statesman. It will be left to select other than the other men who are the leading aspirants for the nomination. While very unwilling to be nominated, Gen. Harrison explains that it would be unsafe to nominate anyone else, and his friends are working hard to prevent the nomination of such a blunder.

What Mr. New has to say on behalf of his friend can best be put in very few words. Gen. Harrison is anxious to be renominated and elected. He is a candidate for the nomination, and through his friends is working hard to get it. Recognizing the fact that Messrs. Reed and McKinley are at this moment his most formidable competitors he takes the trouble to point out what he considers their weak points. He says that while they both have the party two defeats and it stands for nothing else. The other he alleges is responsible for the heavy appropriations of the Fifty-first Congress.

As an old politician Mr. New ought to have known that it would have been better to say Gen. Harrison yearns exceedingly for the nomination and means every effort to get it. More than that, he is a Cincinnati man, the plow he had turned up over his shoulder looking impatiently for the arrival of the senators to inform him of his election and beg his friends to hurry them up.—Chicago Tribune (Rep.).

MCKINLEY STATISTICS.

Last Efforts of Protectionists to Block the People.

No rigid analysis is required to show the absurdity of the statistical exhibit issued by the American protective tariff league under the transparently fallacious title of "The Condition of the Operations of the Wilson Bill in comparison with the McKinley bill."

The exhibit is so absurd on its face that it could not have been issued by men of sense except under the impression that most newspaper readers are willing to believe that even the most foolish figures cannot lie.

The pretended exhibit of a decrease in the number of emigrants, cotton and cotton manufactures based on returns from mills which in 1880 employed only 621 men, while returns are given for only 300 employees in cotton and jute, only 305 in cut nails and spikes, only 900 in pottery, only 621 in wire-working, only 75 in yarns and cloths, and so on down to only 643 in "newspapers, printing and publishing."

What we are to think of the intelligence of the author of the men who undertake to make a report on the condition of the American newspaper business when they have in hand returns from establishments employing a total of only 643 men—a less number than are employed on the force of a single first-class newspaper?

Yet the tariff league has done this, and the like of it not only once but continually. Evidently it is bent on being impudent. It is bent on perusing its statistician to devote himself to some occupation in which he will be less liable to make unseemly exposures of his inadequacy. It ought to run a sawmill or a cemetery or engage in some more exacting employment.—N. Y. World.

The outflow of gold has been checked, the current receipts of the government are in excess of its expenditures, there is not the slightest danger of the issuance of more bonds and the whole country is growing in wealth and prosperity. Democracy has public credit, and the result of the calculations of republicans mismanagement and is now laying away money to the credit of the people.—Detroit Free Press

THE BANKRUPT COMMITTEE.

Republican Fat-Fryers are Bustling for Campaign Funds.

The republican national committee continues to exploit its bankrupt condition before the public, offering to locate the next national convention of that party at the city which will pay off the committee's debt in addition to regular bonus and donations. In one of these scandalous announcements the committee's debt is said to be forty thousand dollars, which has been paid off since it came into existence. The amount of the debt is not known.

This is the amount which Pittsburgh is invited to raise as the price of making a bid for the convention. A dispatch from that city in a republican paper says: "One of the conditions of the convention's coming here, it is reported, is that the iron and steel manufacturers pay off the debt carried by the committee in the amount of \$40,000. It is said that forty thousand dollars will cover the amount owed." This declaration is as disgraceful as it is candid.

It has been usual with the republican committees to "fry the fat" out of the bankrupt manufacturers for the payment of their election expenses. They are now to be "fried" out of the "old horse" to square up the debt which "Tom" Carter, "Bet" Clarkson, "Bill" Campbell, "Dick" Kerens, "Sam" Fesenden, "Mike" De Young and their associates left outstanding at the close of the profigate and disastrous republican campaign of 1892.

It must be understood that this contribution of forty thousand dollars is required to pay off the old debt of the committee. It is in addition to the usual nominal sum contributed to pay the expenses of the committee, the convention, and the favored individuals who enjoy the munificence hospitality of the place where the convention is located. The proposition is plain. Any contribution agreed to pay off the forty thousand dollars that, to pay the committee's debt. That is a condition precedent. The city making the most generous all-around offer in addition to that will get the convention.

The most stoutly dispatched containing this scandalous mention of the fact that Senator Fesenden is managing the transaction of starting contributions to the national committee.

A party national committee is the permanent representative of the party. The republican national committee is financially bankrupt. However it may be with that party, financially, the committee represents its moral and political bankruptcy. Whether the committee can ever again pay to pay off its old debts and restore it to a condition of solvency is questionable. But another that shall be accomplished or not, the republican party's bankrupt condition in morals and politics is irretrievable.—Chicago Chronicle.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—One big cloud on McKinley's prospects of the nomination is that formed by the smoke from the continually increasing number of industrial chimneys.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—Democrats have pulled the country out of the calculations of the party, the republicans bankrupt. However it may be with that party, financially, the committee represents its moral and political bankruptcy.

—The committee has taken the lead in the work of re-education and is now laying away money to the credit of the people.—Seymour (Ind.) Democrat.

—There is food for meditation in the fact that all the republican leaders of Ohio who are of a practical turn of mind agree that McKinley's talk about the tariff is handicapping the party and should be stopped.—Detroit Free Press.

—The improvement in business has knocked the spots out of McKinley's boom, and the love feast of the blue and gray at Atlanta has made it necessary for Calloopy Foraker to rewrite his speech.—Springfield (Ill.) Register.

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NO NEED FOR HORSE MEAT.

The Farmers of America Have an Abundance of Other Animal Food at Present.

The Atlanta Press-Citizen has been asked by numerous friends and patrons to squarely define its position on the question of horse meat as human food. We should think that our position on the subject was well known by this time, but those who know us best know very well that it is not part of our policy to "traddle" any question which has no common interest to the trade, and we have no interest in the case of horse meat. At the present

time, it may, perhaps, be well at the start of this new industry to make an ex cathedra statement, as we are, and put ourselves on record before the press and our readers in every part of the country, that it is not good for human beings to eat horse meat, and unkindly to compel them to do so. Food for human beings, no matter whether it comes from old, broken-down, diseased car horses or young fillies.

There is no need or cause for any American to eat horse meat. Such a pleasure should be left to the citizens of countries where legitimate meats and meat products are regarded as luxuries, and so to a great extent because American meats are shut out.

As long as three or four states of this great country kill more cattle, hogs and sheep yearly than the whole country can consume, and even, in the adjustment of supply and demand, at times get up and down large export trade there seems overhand why we should resort to horse meat.

If there is a necessity for lower prices, then let us raise more cattle. Should this not be practical or profitable, then let us remove the barriers which, in the shape of protective duty, keep out foreign meats and products, and let us have a lower level of competition.

We do not know, however, that the per capita cost of meat consumption in America is relatively higher than in other countries—in fact, we think an investigation would show it to be lower, and, therefore, we do not see that a necessity for lower prices exists here when beef sells at a price equal to that of the average of the best dressed beef, before export, while in Germany and France the purchase of a pound of beef will absorb fifty per cent to seventy-five per cent, even.

The Argentine Republic and Australia will be glad to supply any deficiency we may have. The latter country can lay down her frontiers and sell her beef in London at six and seven cents respectively. This is one and one-half cents below the average price we get for our meats, but the figures show that should a necessity ever arise we could draw a sufficient supply of beef from that country, even with the twenty per cent duty.

It is a peculiar circumstance, and one that we are not able to understand, that while the governments of

European countries insist on the most rigid inspection, microscopic and otherwise, of American pork and beef products, they accept without any form of inspection whatever, horse meat from every kind of defunct animal, even of the plains. The old saying "pearls to swine" may have its appropriateness, but it is disappointing indeed to find countries which have the intent and purposes turn up their noses at the best meats in the world, and which, under the guise of fostering home agriculture, place such an embargo on foreign imports, as to increase the retail price of meat at fifty per cent, even, to a point, reverting to horseflesh as a substitute.—Atlanta Constitution.

"There came a sound outside. We listened intently. There was a knock on the door. We both sprang to our feet. I opened the door.

"A small boy stood there crying. He held the remnants of some broken pieces of glass in his hands. He threw his arm over his eyes and cried as if his heart would break.

"Oh, master, I could not help it. I stampeded my horse and—booh—flew down, and—booh-booh—broke the bottom of my hat."

"We both seized him in our arms. My companion gave him the sort of an embrace that gives one his sweet heart after a year's separation and we wept on his neck. The way we set him up before letting him go ought to have set a premium on breaking bottles among the small boys of that town.—Atlanta Constitution.

NEW ORLEANS' EARLY DAYS.

How the Site of the Crescent City Happened to be Selected.

When it is remembered that the city of New Orleans is situated upon a low, flat island, is some twelve feet below the surface of the Mississippi river, and that the entire municipality is protected from the encroachment of the water by continuous levees surrounding the city, it becomes evident that the problems of draining and sewerage present difficulties which cannot be easily overcome. The average elevation of the plains is five feet above the water level in New Orleans.

There are, in the other day a very beautiful park set with seven perfect diamonds, the whole forming a small heart-shaped ornament, the gift of a gentleman to his wife on the birth of their seventh child. These words were engraved on the pendant: "No mist obscures, nor cloud nor speck nor cloud break the heart of me," and I saw the tears

stream down that sweet mother's face as she kissed the token and said: "Ah, John, John, I am not half good enough for such a husband." The gift was a superb one, but the words made it indefinitely precious.

I do not, of course, mean to apply the warning to the diamond, but it is hardly agreed in silver or gold upon the person or finger or bracelet; they are too awful to discuss, but the words laudable inside a ring or on the inner side of an ornament which is also a love token have a mystic power, the ancients knew, and valued.—T. E. V.

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A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

The Funny Outcome of a Most Serious Blunder.

This is a tragedy or comedy, according to the light in which you view it.

One of the proprietors of a drug store in Atlanta, Georgia, lost his key in a small city. There were two drug clerks in the store at the time. They divided the time, one answering the calls at night and getting shorter hours in the day, and the other doing long hours.

"One night," said the Atlanta man, "I could not sleep, so I lay down on the drug store. I could 'ell by the nervous way in which I walked about that something was the matter. I went down and found the young man walking up and down the floor, great beads of perspiration standing out on his brow and agony written on his face.

"Presently I heard my colleague low walking about uneasily, and I followed him. He was walking in the same way as I had been walking, but he was walking more rapidly. I asked him what was the matter. He said, 'I have a headache.'

"'Where does it live?' I asked.

"'It's face fell and an expression of terror came over it. He dropped into a chair.

"'I don't know what is on earth to do,' he broke out in absolute despair, made a mistake with that prescription. I was so sleepy I did not know—but somehow I kept thinking after the boy left that I had made a mistake, and I went to the arsenic and found that none I'd put enough arsenic in that prescription. For God's sake, tell me what can I do.'

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OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Philippe I., of France, did not deserve the title of the Amorous, any more than most other French kings, but in spite of this it was bestowed upon him on account of his numerous intrigues with the ladies of his court.

Louis XII., of France, was designated "The Father of His People" on the last day of his reign in which he was held by the people, but his last ambition seemed to be to promote their welfare. The same title, for the same general reason, was also bestowed upon Christian III., of Denmark.

The Boston board of aldermen has given permission for pneumatic tubes to be laid under the streets of that city, and it is expected that the tubes will be used to carry letters and parcels. The first use to be made of them will be to connect the Boston post office with its inns.

At Nine Tussaud's in London, is the Gladstone state carriage, presented to Mr. Gladstone by his father more than fifty years ago.

The only other carriage in the exhibition are those of Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. Gladstone sold the carriage in order to obtain the money for a charitable scheme.

An odd step in the movement for booming local industries, which has lately started up and attained much headway in the west, has been made at Sioux Falls, S. D. An ordinance has been passed requiring all peddlers and hawkers who sell goods not manufactured or produced in the state to pay a license of \$10 a day.

A green turban throughout all Islam is a sign that the wearer is a descendant of the prophet. Many persons who have the right to this mark of honor are now in low life, and a traveler in Constantinople or Cairo may have his baggage carried to his hotel by a genuine descendant of the prophet.

And now it has come to pass that the horse, driven to grass by the competition of locomotives, electric motor and bicycle, is finding his destiny in conversion into an article of food, so that the meat market of Oregon has already grown important enough to demand and obtain a redone carload of canned meats to Chicago and the east.

Of the injuries to passengers on English railways, it is said that not less than seventy-five per cent are due to jumping on or off trains in motion.

Of the other deaths a considerable number are charged to the doors of carriages flying open when in motion from incautious fastening. Accordingly, the English board of trade has been in communication with the railway companies, is now studying a new device by means of which all the doors in a train can be simultaneously locked and unlocked.

Argon, the recently-discovered gas, is colorless and inodorous, has about twenty times the density of hydrogen, and is much more soluble in water than oxygen or nitrogen. It requires also a very low temperature for liquefaction. Prof. Olaszewski, of Cracow, has turned some argon which was sent him by Prof. Ramsey into a liquid at a temperature of three hundred and five degrees F. below zero, and into a block of opaque ice at three hundred and ten degrees below zero. What argon is, however, is still a puzzle to scientists, all attempts to unveil its chemical nature having hitherto failed.

ABDUL HAMID AN EDUCATOR.

The Turkish Sultan Has Established a Regular System of Schools.

He has done more for the education of his people than all the sultans who have gone before him. It is true that he does not favor Christian schools, and has devised many new regulations to restrict their influence. Perhaps he feels as one of his ministers did some years ago when he reported to a meeting of the Christian school teachers that the Christians were already far ahead of the Mohammedans and must wait until the Turks caught up with them. But as far as Mohammedan schools are concerned, we live in a new era. The sultan believes in education as a mighty power for the uplifting of his people. He has not only closed the schools of the Bulgarians, but he has established a regular system of schools throughout the empire, and all real estate is taxed to support them. This work was undertaken immediately after the last war, and apparently the sultan was led to realize the importance of it from what he heard of the condition of the Bulgarian schools.

He has appointed a regular system of schools throughout the empire, and the schools are now to be supported by the tax on real estate.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY..... Nov. 7, 1895.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BYRD, of Campion, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

A SICK CHICKEN.



Torrent, Ky., Nov. 7, 1895.

F. N. Day, Hazel Green, Ky.:
Dear Fred: Its no use to send you a paper. State ticket is Republican by 12,000 to 15,000.

Legislature is Republican by small majority.

Republicans are very jubilant over their first victory.

Very truly,

CHAS. ANDRE.

From the best information now at hand this seems to be an "off year" with the Kentucky Democrats. Bradley, for governor, is probably elected by 3,000 majority, and perhaps the entire Republican state ticket goes in by from 1,000 to 2,000 majority. General Apathy seems to have had entire and absolute control of the Democratic hosts, and as has been his custom in times past, kept them on home-guard service last Tuesday. We have always considered the old jade a feather-bed and buttermilk soldier, and THE HERALD has always been opposed to him as a commanding officer. He never did have any discipline in his command, as a drill-master he has always been a lamentable failure, and desertions from his camp have been far too frequent for the good of the service. In some of the conflicts in the dear old commonwealth on former occasions he lingered around the camp-fires so long that the Republican enemy came near routing our forces and capturing him in his rendezvous, while the "boys in the trenches" lay on their arms awaiting the bugle call summoning them to the fray. THE HERALD then suspected that he was smitten with Miss Lethargy and in collusion with his brother-in-law, Old Mugwump, and on those occasions demanded that he be relieved of his command before he had a chance to play traitor and surrender his noble veteran Democratic hosts into the hands of the enemy. Our advice went unheeded, and the result shows that on Tuesday he was asleep in the arms of his sweet-heart, Miss Lethargy, who robbed him of his strength while reading a copy of the Louisville Post. Thus he was betrayed and slaughtered in Old Mugwump's camp, and while not the culprit, Dick Knott is amenable to the murder as accessory before the fact, and guilty in the eyes of the law. But why prolong this tale of woe? We have met the enemy and we are (b)slrn—horse, foot and dragoon—say 8,000 strong. What we now

most need to know is how our captors will treat us as prisoners of war during the next four years? And we'll "let it go at that."

Our special messenger from telegraphic communications reports that at 2 o'clock Wednesday, the returns show the state Democratic ticket elected by five to ten thousand and majority with exception of Hardin for governor, which race it is believed is very doubtful. Bradley and Hardin both claim to have won by about a thousand votes each and the best information to be had says that it will probably require an official count to decide the race. Gen Hardin is in good spirits and says he has a small majority. Green Kellar, for railroad commissioner, is defeated by three to five thousand. Judge Swango, it is thought, leads the Democratic ticket by a few lengths, owing to an increased vote in the mountains.

Hon. J. C. Lykins received a majority of 206 in Morgan and 120 in Wolfe, making a total of 326 in the district. Hardin carried the district by 475. Wm. Burch, Independent, received about a hundred votes in each county, his support coming from Cliffton, Ezel and Salem.

Frank Horton is elected by 109. Menefee gave Tabor a small majority, but Montgomery voted straight for Horton.

Bailey is elected by 200 or thereabouts. Magoffin gave him 402 majority and the Democratic vote in Breathitt was light.

Bath and Rowan lose their representation to the rade as well as their state senator.

Powell and Estill follow their example and have "gone the way of Ward's ducks."

All in all, this state has lost a big vote due to the "stay-at-homes" who don't like Hardin's views on the money question.

Campbell loses Ohio by 20,000, which is a big Republican loss of 40,000 of last year.

New York that went 150,000 last year is now considered doubtful, both sides confidant.

The New Democratic Chairman.

Pursuant to a rule of the state central committee, the Democratic county committee elect was called together by Chairman H. F. Pieratt for the purpose of electing a county chairman and secretary for the next term of four years. The meeting was held accordingly, and on motion of Dr. W. H. Tutt, C. C. Hanks, of Campion, was unanimously elected chairman, and Dr. J. R. Carroll, of Lee City, was likewise chosen secretary.

The meeting then adjourned sine die. H. F. Pieratt, Chairman, J. H. SWANGO, Secretary.

Do You Wear Pants?

IF SO, WEAR ONLY

"THE LION BRAND,"

MANUFACTURED BY

KENTUCKY JEANS CLOTHING CO.,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Every pair warranted.

JOHN M. ROSE,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

Is the only firm in the town which handles the justly celebrated

Boots : and : Shoes
from the wholesale house of

C. P. Tracy & Co.,

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

When you want the **BEST** footwear give him a call.

H. B. MAUPIN,
WITH
REED, PEEBLES & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, &c., &c.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.



Electropeise. TRADE MARK.

An Oxygen
Home Remedy
Without Medicine.

150 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., April 5, 1895.
My confidence in the merits of the Electropeise is simple, content, economical and effective as it is—has constantly grown with my increasing observation and experience." W. H. DePuy, A. M., D. D., LL. D., (Editor People's Encyclopedia.)

Often cases
Pronounced
'Incurable.'

ELECTROPEISE.

put on trial at reasonable rates.

DUBOIS and WEBB,

513 FOURTH AVE.,

Louisville, Ky.

Please mention this paper when writing.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 14th, 1895.

J. D. LIVINGSTON, CHAS. SCOTT, V. P. & Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agent

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS.	W.	No. 1. Daily.	No. 2. Daily.
Lexington	0	10 30 am	
Avon	11	10 02 am	3 35 pm
Wincheseder	20	10 15 am	
Fayette	27	9 27 am	2 00 pm
Indian Fields	33	9 10 am	1 10 pm
Clay City	40	8 51 am	12 40 pm
Stanton	44	8 42 am	1 30 pm
Elizabethtown	51	8 35 am	1 45 pm
Dundee	53	8 12 am	10 17 am
Natural Bridge	57	8 07 am	10 17 am
Torrent	62	7 54 am	10 15 am
Beattyville Junction	63	7 45 am	8 40 am
Three Forks City	71	7 23 am	7 59 am
Athol	82	7 02 am	7 16 am
Elizatown	90	6 35 pm	6 20 pm
Jackson	94	6 30 pm	6 10 pm

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	W.	No. 2. Daily.
Lexington	0	2 30 pm
Avon	11	2 55 pm
Wincheseder	20	3 15 pm
Fayette	27	3 29 pm
Indian Fields	33	3 40 pm
Clay City	40	4 05 pm
Stanton	44	4 14 pm
Fayette	53	4 28 pm
Natural Bridge	57	4 50 pm
Torrent	62	5 04 pm
Beattyville Junction	70	5 26 pm
Three Forks City	71	5 30 pm
Athol	82	5 58 pm
Elizatown	90	6 22 pm
Jackson	94	6 30 pm

Nos. 2, 3 and 4 arrive and depart from C. & O. dep't Lexington; 8 and 9 from Freight depot at Netherland.

Nos. 3 and 4 run Sundays only. No. 3 going west, leaves Torrent at 4:30 p. m., and No. 4, going east, leaves Torrent at 10:40 a. m.

TO MERCHANTS ONLY.

W. R. NUNLEY, Mt. Sterling, Ky.,
REPRESENTING

HARBIG & GATHRIGHT,

LOUISVILLE, KY. Manufacturers of KENTUCKY SPRING and ALL OTHER SADDLES, Buggy, Breakfast all kinds of Harness.

The New Brass Staple Collar,
The Greatest Thing Out.
As well as everything a horse wears.

I am getting ready to start after spring order. Will reach you in plenty of time. However, if you have any special time to buy write me at Mt. Sterling. My trade is big, I want it bigger. Come and see me and we'll both be happy. Respectfully,
W. R. NUNLEY.

Constipation. & Biliaryness

Sick-headache,
Pains in the back,
Sallow complexion,
Loss of appetite and
Exhaustion.

There is only one cure, which is

**RAMON'S LIVER PILLS,
AND
TONIC PELLETS**

One Pill touches the liver and removes the bile.

One Pill nightly, acts as a gentle laxative in keeping the bowels open, restores the digestive organs, tones up the nervous system and makes new rich blood. Complete treatment, two medicines, one price, 25c.

Treatise and sample free at any store.
BROWN DRUG CO., New York.

Louis & Gus

STRAUSS

THE LEADING

Clothing House

—OF—

KENTUCKY!

Largest Stock,

Lowest Prices,

Best Goods,

When in Lexington do not fail to give us a call.

Louis & Gus Strauss,

Main St., Opposite Phoenix Hotel,

Lexington, Ky.

IF YOU WANT

—THE BEST—

CANE MILL OR EVAPORATOR

—BUY THE—

CHATTANOOGA

IF YOU WANT

BEST : WAGON,

—BUY THE—

FISH BROS.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS

W. W. REED,

MT. STERLING, KY.

THE HERALD.

Ben Quicksall was up from Menefee to vote.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Combs were in our midst last Sunday.

Judge McKenzie's county lends in good roads. Ours ought to.

Brutus McGuire attended the bedside of his brother, Fletcher McGuire, last week.

O. H. Swango attended the examination at Campion last Friday and Saturday.

Henry Pieratt is suffering with rheumatism. He will go to Hot Springs shortly.

Mrs. Will Jones (nee Bonnie Kash) returned to her home at Finestrel last Saturday.

Mrs. J. M. Pieratt, of Ezel, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Caroline Swango, of this place.

The infant child of Billy Wilson, of the Buchanan fork of Stillwater, died on Monday night.

Lindsay Ware left yesterday on a business trip to Cincinnati, and will be absent about ten days.

J. B. Thompson visited his wife and family at this place from Sunday night until Tuesday morning.

The infant child of Frank Goldfinch and wife, of the Chambers fork of Stillwater, has typhoid fever.

Raleigh Thompson, of Magoffin county, was visiting his father's family at this place over night Monday.

Dr. Taulhee reports the birth of a girl baby to the wife of Porter Clark, of the Cox mill neighborhood, on Tuesday.

Dr. Nickell reports the birth of a ten pound baby to the wife of Arles Barker, of Lacy creek, on Tuesday last.

Frank Hazelrigg, of West Liberty, came over Saturday after W. F. Colvin, who has been sick here for some time.

W. T. and Mort Swango returned from Mt. Sterling Saturday, where they had been attending the Thompsons.

W. J. Lampton, the brilliant newspaper correspondent, will pleasure us at our thanks for a copy of the New York Sun.

Allison Rose, of Lee City, passed through here Wednesday enroute to Gasy to visit his father, James R. Rose.

Why suffer with that headache, when you can secure a box of Megrmine at this office for 50 cents and get immediate relief.

See advertisement "For Sale 800 Acres of Fine Land," and call upon Allison Rose, of Lee City, for further particulars.

Owing to the sickness of Brother West, Brother Tyler filled his appointment at the Methodist church Saturday and Sunday.

We had an ideal election Tuesday at Hazel Green. No drinking, no fighting, or even loud talking. A good sign of a good people.

Impure blood is the cause of boils, pimples and other eruptions. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures these troubles.

Boyd Cole, of West Liberty, came over Tuesday afternoon to get the election returns from this county, and left for home at 9:30 that night.

Register G. B. Swango came up from Frankfort on Saturday, and after voting the Democratic ticket Tuesday morning, left for the seat of government.

Mrs. Erastus Buchanan and Mrs. Geo. W. Saly, of the Buchanan fork of Stillwater, are both confined to their homes with typhoid fever, and quite ill.

Thrasher Combe, of Stillwater, is building a traumway from the head of Tracefork to Stillwater bridge, about three miles in length, to haul logs.

Mrs. Libby Higgins, colored, of Daysboro, has the thanks of the editor and his better for a half-gallon of pickled roasting ear corn for mixed picnics.

Willie Pieratt has resigned his position with H. F. Pieratt, and accepted a place in the store of J. T. Day. He will enter upon his new duties on Monday next.

John Evans returned Monday evening from Louisville, where he secured a position as traveling salesman for the stove and tin house of Stratton & Terstege.

Ben Quicksall said Tuesday morning that he knew the Democratic ticket would win that day because he found his mare in the hay loft that morning.

That Tired Feeling
Is a common complaint and it is a dangerous symptom. It means that the system is debilitated because of impure blood, and in this condition it is especially liable to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the bowels and liver, 25 cents.

The mail boy from West Liberty yesterday brought the news that Henry Perry shot Gran Caskey through the hand and perforated his clothing once or twice at that place on Tuesday. He did not give any particulars as to the origin of the difficulty, but as one of the parties is a Republican and the other pins his faith to the Democratic doctrine, it is more than probable that politics had something to do with the difficulty.

Mrs. L. C. Day is just now in receipt of her new fall and winter stock of hats, bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed sailor, checkers, dress goods, motions, etc., etc., to which she invites the attention of the ladies of this section. She also keeps a full line of fancy and staple groceries, which will be sold for cash or country produce, and at the lowest living prices. 32-40.

Bursters are not all in from this and Morgan county, but enough is known to place the majority of J. C. Lykins, Democrat, over W. J. Seitz, Republican, at about 100 majority. Mr. Burch, the Populist candidate, did not run a little bit. But for the bolting of several Democrats, Mr. Lykins' majority should have been at least 700.

Sore Throat. Any ordinary case may be cured in one night by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balsam as directed with each bottle. This medicine is also famous for its cure of rheumatism, lame back and deep-seated and muscular pains. Yours truly, J. M. Rose.

Our dear old lawyer, attorney, A. H. Stauffer, showed himself a political defeatist in his usual cool, calm, listless way. He stated of Morgan county with Satisfied interest that he had no special interest. He is visiting his sick boy now, may never grow less.

Sam Rose, of Ezel, who has been nursing Fletcher McGuire during his illness for sometime past was taken sick Wednesday and had to be sent home. Dr. Thomas thinks he is threatened with a spell of fever.

Mulie Little, writing from Adam, Richland county, Mo., under date of Oct. 31, says: "Enclosed please find \$1, for which please send THE HERALD to my address for one year and oblige."

Judge Swango thought once he was defeated, and we are reliably informed that he wrote to Jim and Mort to clean up the old briar field, as he would probably do some farming next year.

Mrs. Eilda Day has rented the small storehouse of John M. Rose, which is now being painted and repaired, and as soon as completed will be occupied with her millinery stock.

We will take good sound corn on all subscriptions due this office, where parties have not the money, and allow 35 cents per bushel. The corn to be delivered at this office.

The Swango & Quicksall mill at this place has just purchased a 60-inch circular saw and a new smoke-stack. They say they are now ready to do good grinding and sawing.

County court convened last Monday. No business of any importance was done. The legislative candidates and Jim Swango spoke to a good crowd in the afternoon.

Mrs. J. T. Day and little daughter Daisy, and Mrs. Rollin Kash, who have been visiting Mrs. Robt. McLin, of Winchester, for several weeks, returned last Sunday.

Rev. J. T. Pieratt and wife, after the former voted the Democratic ticket Tuesday morning, went to Lee county to visit their daughter, Mrs. Grant Thomas.

Hon. W. O. Mize and wife and son Carl left Tuesday for a protracted visit in Central Kentucky. They may also go to Illinois and to the Atlanta exposition.

The infant child of Alex Nickell and wife, of Daysboro, died Saturday evening last, of whooping-cough, and was buried on Sunday.

Mr. Caleb Kash, of the Cox mill neighborhood, is quite ill of typhoid fever, as also his mother, Mrs. Lizzie Kash.

ENGLISH KITCHEN.

12 W. SHORT STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.

Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 5 to 9 a. m. Dinner from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. Supper from 5 to 9 p. m.

Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.
C. S. LUGGART, Proprietor.

J. M. Havens is assisting Rollin Kash in completing his law office, and when the structure is ready for occupancy will use a part of it for his jewelry shop.

Lee City is the only precinct in our county that went Republican. Shame on her.

Shorthand and Typewriting.

Beginning Monday, December 30, our Shorthand and Typewriting classes will be in charge of E. E. Atkinson, who is fully capable of carrying them on to success. See the subjoined communication from Miss Quicksall. During the summer vacation Mr. Atkinson did a great deal of practical work in these lines and will put enthusiasm into his classes. The cost for the course, for two months, will be very reasonable, viz. \$100.00, \$100.00, \$100.00. See the schedule of terms at a small cost, and need not.

HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY.

W. H. COUD, Principal.

HAZEL GREEN, KY., July 16, 1895.

To Whom This May Concern:

It gives me pleasure to say that I am now in charge of the school at Mt. E. E. Atkinson, and have over forty students, an upright, honest and intelligent gentleman. He attended the Hazel Green Academy several months, his father being one of the first. He was an excellent student, and was a member of the school board for several years.

He used his time well, mastering the principles of shorthand, typewriting, commercial correspondence, etc. His qualifications are excellent, and his knowledge and attainments have made exceptional progress in the above-mentioned subjects and will render service to any community or town desiring first-class work. In addition to the regular Christian education, our course is energetic and energetic, and esteemed by all who know him. I do not hesitate to recommend him to any one in the services of a school, as he is a living example of what is needed to fill any position he may seek. In speaking for him your kindred efforts, I am

Very respectfully,

MATTHEW C. QUICKSALL.

WANTED: A woman to cook, wash and iron for a small family. Apply at this office. Light service and best wages.

Dick Wilson, of Caney, is on the sick list.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

A QUEER DIVORCE CASE.

Man and Wife Swear They Never Saw Each Other Before.

"The annals of the divorce courts contain many curious histories," said an old lawyer to a Post reporter the other day, "but to me the most remarkable case I ever heard of was that of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Brooklyn, New York, some dozen years ago. Both parties were prominent in society, and for some time the matter was kept a secret. Mrs. Martin was a young wife, and mother of one child, when, in 1862, her husband enlisted in the union army. She heard from him at intervals for more than a year, and then followed a course of action which she subsequently intelligently of his death. Mrs. Martin donn'd widow's weeds, and while mourning her husband's death her child died. She then took up her residence with friends, until 1873, when she received the attentions of a Mr. Hyde, a well known business man, and a widower with seven children. The courtship extended over a period of more than a year, during which time Mr. Hyde was fully informed of Mrs. Martin's former marriage, and, eleven years after Martin's reported death, they were married. Nothing had apparently disturbed their happiness until about ten years later, when Mr. Hyde informed her that Martin was living in the suburbs of Brooklyn, with a wife and children. Investigation proved that the man did live in Brooklyn, as also that he had left the city in 1869 and entered the army."

"The case came up before the referee, and there Martin swore that he had never seen Mrs. Hyde; that he was a single man when he entered the army; that he married on his return for the first time, and had since been a resident of Brooklyn and made no concealment of his marriage. When Mr. Hyde was sworn she called on God in heaven to witness that she had never seen Mr. Martin; and when the two were confronted with each other neither was in the slightest manner disconcerted, and repeated their denials of ever having met before."

"Former friends and acquaintances of both were, however, that they had been married, and were positive of their identity. After a careful investigation, and long consideration, the referee decided the case in favor of testimony to be against the defendant, and passed an order, which was approved by the Brooklyn city court, nulling the marriage. Mrs. Hyde had no children by her second marriage. Friends volunteered assistance to enable her to carry her case to the superior court, but she concluded to abide by the decision of the referee."—Washington Post.

FALL HEADWEAR.

Fashionable Bits and Trimmings for the Ladies.

The fall hat differs from the summer in one particular very strongly. Whereas the summer hat had to be "decorative" in the claim to distinction, the autumn headgear is to be "nearly plain." Broad brims, crowns of many indentations and the like are tabooed and the trim little shapes which are most capable of developing into the "chic" beneath a skillful milliner's touches have taken their places.

Bows of stiff ribbon, ospreys, quills and wings are the trimmings most in vogue this season. They are set upon the hats with a care and with mutual precision which is very charming when the hat adorns a fresh, young face, but which is trying in the extreme to worn ones.

The flower garden effects of the summer are, happily, to disappear. Those fall hats which boast many flowers at all will have all of one variety. The "farmer-colored" hats will be popular—peacock feathers and golden berries. Whenevver they are used, they are set in the midst of leaves, so that their brilliancy is toned down somewhat.

Some of the fall hats have set among their ribbon bows bunches of bright colored berries, which appear at this season of the year. A spray of berries, a cluster of crimson partridge berries, a bunch of rose hips, or a bunch of some tiny wild rose bushes in the fall, a few tiny bits of bitter-sweet berries are regarded as appropriate as well as pretty adornments.

A hat suitable for early fall wear is a combination of brown and white. The shape is somewhat wide-brimmed, low-crowned alpine and the material brown felt. The trimming consists of a low bow of brown ribbon placed exactly in the center of the front, with a white wing and a white osprey winging from it. The rim is edged with brown silk cord.

A low, round-cornered walking hat in brown trimmed with brown ribbon close bows of brown and ostrich feather and a brownish-red tassel are a pretty piece of fall headgear. Brown and yellow and brown and rose are, by the way, two of the colors of the day in the fall. The hats are plain, with decorations ranging from pale-yellow color through glowing reds and into dull brown is a triumph of the milliner's skill.—N. Y. World.

THE WITCH WIFE'S CHARM.

"As I came down the belling lane,
The birds a-singing free,
There came along an old witch wife,
And she stopped to me.

"'Oh, buy a charm, young maid!' she said,
"Oh, buy a charm of me,
To chain the sweethearts to thy side
Though he is on the wex."

"I will not do it, dame," I said,
"If I fail at heart he be
I'd rather have a charm to keep
My heart from breaking."

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid!" she said,
"Oh, buy a charm of me,
To break the curse of love of thine
Who might wox ill to thee."

"I will not do it, dame," I said,
"If I fail at heart they be
A keeper cur is laid on them
That will be on me."

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid!" she said,
"Oh, buy a charm of me,
To bind the strong heart of thy friend
In love and loyalty."

"I will not do it, dame," I said,
"If I fail at heart they be
Could make or break the chain that
My friend's strong heart to me!"

—Margaret Gilman George, in *Youth's Companion*.

BEN'S BID.

"Why don't you raise chickens for the market?" suggested Ben Bassett, the village storekeeper, to Ben. Ben was fourteen years old. His mother had died a short time before. His father was a carpenter by trade, but had been crippled by rheumatism so that he could not work. Ben who always looked on Mr. Bassett as a friend, had been told by his mother that his sources had been failing the storekeeper how much he wished he could get some steady work. Mr. Singer's little stock of money was exhausted; he had already sold some of his tools to get the food he and his son needed. Ben realized that the day was rapidly coming when there would be no way of getting more, unless he managed to do something. So when he saw the odd job he picked up now and then from the surrounding farmers, "I'll do it," said Ben, in response to Mr. Bassett's suggestion, and, turning about, trudged home, and all the way was planning how he might begin.

A week later the "chicken farm," as Ben called it, was a fact; at least he had constructed some coops from old barrels and a box or two. The pay for two days' work he invested in the three boxes and with the money obtained by selling some vegetables to the storekeeper bought two hens which were just about to "set." He and his father already had five pullets, and within a couple of weeks more there were five "clutches" of eggs under as many of his hens.

He fed his chickens from the screen door he got at a small price from several of the farmers. The hens mangled, too, to pick up a good deal of the grain and other food in the garden back of the house. Ben worked hard at the small jobs he was given round about, and waited with confidence for the time when he should be able to make something from his venture.

He would have felt much happier if he had not been for his father's condition. Mr. Singer did not complain of the rheumatism, but still he was too much worried him very much; the boy could see that. He asked what it was several times, but Mr. Singer's only reply was that he suffered, he felt downhearted on account of being so crippled. He tried to make Ben think that that was all that distressed him, but the boy could not believe it.

Slowly the stock of chickens grew. The eggs hatched remarkably well. Fifty or more little balls were soon coming in and out of the coops where their mothers were confined. Four more "clutches" of eggs were under that number of new hens, which he had bought and paid for in installments of work.

The first days of summer saw him with seventy-five young chickens, some of them able to scratch for themselves. It took all he could now to care for his hens and himself in food and to provide for his family; but he was always in the alert for a job, and was as cheerful as he could be, so that the neighbors all liked to employ him, when they could.

He had told his father of his plan, and explained that as few of the farmers raised chickens, except for their own use, he thought there ought to be a chance to make some money by supplying them to Washington, the larger town a few miles away. Mr. Singer was not altogether confident of the success of such an experiment, but he said nothing to discourage the boy, and used to sit near the windows and watch the broods and talk to Ben about them. July and August went by, and the young chickens thrived. Only a few of them were lost. A prowling "possum" had eaten a few of the birds, and one morning, Ogden and Ben killed off a few more. But the first of September came and more than sixty chickens were the boy's.

Ben planned to sell thirty or forty in the early autumn and to keep the remainder till the next summer, to stock his farm with fresh. He intended to go into it then on a bigger scale, and he hoped to real enough from his sales to keep him through the winter with the part of his book he had.

Then, one day in September, as he and his father sat in the doorway of

the cottage, Ben noticed a couple of tears trickle down his father's face. He jumped up and threw his arms around his friend now. He was frightened and he did not understand just what was the matter.

Presently Mr. Singer unclashed the boy and looked him in the face. "Ben," he said, "I'm afraid we are in for hard times yet."

"What do you mean, Dad?" asked Ben.

"The house is only rented," said Mr. Singer slowly; "they can't take that, but they can take all our furniture and everything else."

"Why, they do us wrong," exclaimed Ben.

"So they do, Ben, but the law gives another man the right to sell all we have to pay him the money we owe him money and can't pay it."

"And we owe somebody money?" I thought. Dr. James was paid?"

"So he was. But there is some one else to whom I owe money—a man I borrowed from when my mother was sick. I owe him one hundred dollars. He has what they call my note. I haven't been able to pay him, and now he wants to sell the house. He's entitled to eight off, and will take as much of it as possible by selling what we have. He was here to see me about it the other day, and I tried to get him to wait. But he says he's tired of waiting and the sheriff'll come and sell us out."

Ben had a fairly good idea now of the situation. He tried to comfort his father, but he was of little avail. Mr. Singer felt his helplessness and the despairing look and did not know what would become of them. Ben worried over what he had heard all night long, but he could find no out of their difficulty.

The next day he took ten of his chickens to the village store. He had already arranged with Mr. Bassett to have them sent to a commission merchant at Waynesboro and sold. After he had delivered the chickens, Mr. Bassett had promised to get him the money for the note as quickly as possible; the urchin struck the boy of asking the storekeeper about a sheriff's sale. The thing puzzled him a bit yet, and he indulged a faint hope that, if he knew just how it was done, he might be able to hit on a way out of it. "Mr. Bassett," he said, "how does a sheriff sell you out?"

Perhaps the storekeeper had an idea of trouble. But if he did, he gave no sign of it, and tried to explain Ben how such a sale was conducted. "And the people at the sale," he concluded, "offer to buy what is offered, and the sheriff sells to the one who makes the highest bid."

Ben asked several questions before he left. Then he walked slowly home, and all the while, in his mind, he was turning over in his mind a firmly defined project which had been suggested to him by what he had heard.

A week later Ben received the money for his chickens—three dollars and eighty cents. He was a proud boy, and he would have shown his satisfaction more if it had not been for the impending trouble, which made his father so miserable that he could not leave him.

Ben bought some fruit for twenty-five cents and took it home to him, and Mr. Singer was so bad that he ate it off only sparingly.

On a Monday in the early part of the next month the sheriff, in pursuit of formal notice, arrived at the house to make a sale to satisfy Mr. Singer's creditor. Quite a crowd had gathered about the cottage, and there was not one present who did not sympathize with the carpenter and his son. Ben's father was up early in the morning, and could not leave the bed. The sheriff mounted a box in the yard and began a description of the goods to be sold.

It was a pitiful array, after all. A few tools, a miscellaneous assortment of cheap furniture, a kitchen stove with some cooking utensils and china, and some linens and blankets. But one item in the lot—the chickens! The boy counted out the card, and a number of fat, well-marbled chickens were cooped up in a pen, and upon the value of these the county officer dwelt at length. Then, when he thought he had the crowd sufficiently aroused, he named a starting figure in default of an actual bid.

"Sixty dollars for this choice lot of chickens and household goods," he cried.

There was no response. He repeated the amount, then dropped the figure to fifty dollars. Still no one spoke.

The sheriff made some further remarks about the articles for sale and tried again at forty dollars. But the crowd was dumb. No one felt inclined to buy out the crippled carpenter and his son.

The sheriff tried again and again, dropping the figures lower and lower, until he reached the amount of twenty dollars in the explanation of the bargain which was offered. He did not specially like the job, for he had been told about the case by some of the village people, but he had a duty to perform, and he knew he must get as much out of the sale as he could.

"The figures had dropped to ten dollars, but silence reigned, except for a distant growl from one of the roosters in the yard. Mr. Singer's creditor, evidently, had no compunctions on the ground, and even the low price named was not taken up with.

The sheriff dropped his offer now, a

dollar at a time, but, apparently, in vain. It looked as if the sale would go on nothing.

"Nine! Eight! Seven! Six! Five! Four! Not a response came from those about."

"Three dollars!" The sheriff was smiling at the ridiculous offer, and was just about to name two dollars, and one dollar in quick succession, hoping for no reply, when a boyish voice, else at hand, answered:

"I bid three dollars!"

The officer looked down on the speaker and saw Ben. The boy held up three odd-dollar notes in his hand.

"I bid three dollars!" More than one man in the crowd felt like cheering the blighter. But the officer knew he could not accept the offer at once.

"Three dollars I am bid!" he answered.

"Who bids four?"

No one spoke.

"Three dollars and a half, then?" he said.

Every one was silent, and the suggestion of three dollars and a quarter, likewise, went unanswered. Three dollars was the one bid offered, and after one expostulation, the sheriff took the offer.

Ben handed the money to the sheriff, who congratulated him on his purchase. In his quietness he had sold off on occasions of this kind, and there was not one of the farmers who did not come forward and speak a kindly word of praise and encouragement to the boy.

But Ben was listening to little of all this, for he slipped away to his father, who could only strain the boy to him with the tears streaming down his face.

The chicken farm was saved, and the chicken farmer was saved. A week later, Mr. Singer was once more working steadily, and his rheumatism was gone; his creditor was paid in full the amount borrowed from him, and the proceeds from Ben's chicken farm did not a little to make up the sum required.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

METAPHORS BADLY MIXED.

Lecherous Expressions Called by an Obscene German Author.

From over the ocean comes the following collection of mixed metaphors collected by a German author. He calls them "pearls of thought." They are worth reproduction if only to warn campaign orators and after-dinner speakers to be more careful in letting drop the honey of their eloquence. Read carefully:

"We will," said an inspired democrat, "make all skin and bone, with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom!"

Even that flight is surpassed by an effort of Justice Minister Heye, who, in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared: "The chariot of the revolution is rolling along and gnawing its teeth as rolls."

Pan-Germanist, mayor of a Rhine-land corporation rose still higher in an address to the empire. He said: "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany—such were the words the mouth of your imperial majesty has always had in its eye."

Prof. Lehmann Scherl in a criticism on Lehmann's lyrics writes: "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up, and carrying far-flashing pearls of thought, break the clouds."

A German professor, speaking of a repentant girl, said: "She kneels in the temple of her inferior, and prayed fervently"—"a fact no India rubber doll could imitate."

The German parliamentary oratory of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture. But one must suffice. Count Frankenbeig is the author of it. A few years ago he told a speech in his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of the forelock."

But none of these pearls of thought and expression surpass the speech of the immortal Joseph Prudhomme, on presenting himself with a sword of honor by the company he commanded in the national guard of France. "Gentlemen," said he, "this sword is the brightest day of my life!"—Boston Globe.

Ben Butler's Wit.

As a lawyer Ben Butler was always ready with a witicism, even at the expense of the presiding judge. Once he was retained as counsel for the plaintiff in a libel suit against a certain Boston newspaper, and during the cross questioning of the publisher, the general asked him if that paper was not a strictly first-class sheet. To prove this he began reading advertising of a somewhat shabby character and asked the witness if he was acquainted with the person who inserted it. To each of these questions the opposing counsel would object, and, of course, the witness would reply. Finally the judge turned to the famous lawyer and said: "Mr. Butler, won't you please ask a proper question?" "That's precisely what I'm trying to do, your honor," was the prompt reply. "Won't you honor suggest one?"—Boston Budget.

Rabbit fur, when used for hats, is first carefully "plucked," that is, the long hairs are pulled out. Formerly this process was done by hand, now a machine accomplishes the same result.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Baron von Thoemmler, who has just retired from the post of Austrian minister at Belgrade with the rank of ambassador, is, in great part, due to his diplomatic success to a writing machine which has presented to the Princess of Montenegro, teaching her to sew herself.

—According to a recent investigation the six richest women in the world with the amount of their fortunes are: "Isidora Cousino, \$30,000,000; Hazel Green, \$50,000,000; Baroness Bentz, \$20,000,000; Nina Garret, \$10,000,000; and Mrs. Woleska, \$10,000,000.

—Mayor Strong of New York has won the title of the "marrying mayor" for his many romances in wedlock, including his term of office, his three secretaries, Miss Hewitt Grant and Gilroy, did altogether during their terms. It is to be hoped that these strong knots will hold together till the end.

—It costs something to have an affair for a friend. The recent will of Kaiser William to Lord Londesborough is to be sold for \$300,000. This is not quite as bad as was the case in which the duke of Buckingham had Queen Victoria as his guest at Stowe. The cost of this affair was so great to him.

—Daniel Scott, who died in Chicago the other day, was one of the rich and best known negroes in the city. His parents were slaves on a plantation near Harrisburg, Va., and he was sold away from them at a very early age. He went to Chicago more than twenty years ago. His estate is to be valued at \$100,000.

—An English woman doctor, Mrs. Hamilton, was the Shazada's body physician during his stay in England. She went to Calcutta last year to recover from fever contracted in India, and is now feverish and employed among the women of the Armenian.

While there she was called upon to tend the aman herself, who was very ill. The aman died.

—Archduke Ladislaus' death by an accidental discharge of his rifle while hunting adds another to the remarkable list of violent deaths in the ruling house of Austria. The emperor's son-in-law, Archduke Maximilian, was not in the line of succession to the throne, but he had committed suicide.

Archduke Albrecht's daughter was burned to death; Archduke Salvator has disappeared, and, it is believed, has been drowned; Archduke William was thrown from his horse and killed.

—A little nonsense.

—Fogg says they are quite stylish in his boarding-house. The servant is not in livery, but the breakfast is in mornings in the week.—Boston Transcript.

—James—"Is Miss Snowball a graduate of 'Vassar'?" William—"I don't know; she is the only one in my class." James—"What is she?"—William—"She is the only one in my class."—James—"I thought she was the only one in my class."—William—"I was prevent it going off." Texas Siftings.

—Doctor, how much flesh can one lose in a day under your treatment?"—"That depends—I have one patient who lost thirty-five pounds yesterday."—"Graceion."—"Fact—I eat his leg—Chicago Record.

—Mudie—"Another man called me a liar last night." Yabisey—"What did you do?"—"Well, as I was the size bigger than I, I asked him why he didn't say prevent it going off."—Texas Siftings.

—Doctor, how much flesh can one lose in a day under your treatment?"—"That depends—I have one patient who lost thirty-five pounds yesterday."—"Graceion."—"Fact—I eat his leg—Chicago Record.

—A suburban resident is said to have built his house exactly alike in the front and on the back. His wife, however, has complained that the chinkless walls are thinking they were on the front lawn when they were really in the back yard.—Youth's Companion.

—Learned men do not always appreciate the achievements of their fellow men. It is said that a friend brought Milton's "Paradise Lost" to a great Scotch mathematician, who remarked when he had finished it: "It's very pretty, but, mon, what does it prove?"—Argus.

—Elie—"Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor, and a lovely fellow, but he is awfully absent-minded."—Ade—"Ade!"—Elie—"Only fancy! During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he folt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue!"—Ade—"Well, he won't do the latter again!"—Tilt-Blitz.

—Sympathetic Plate Friend to Inconsolable Young Widow—Inconsolable friend to her loss, he stopped and spoke to me with such a gentle greeting that I was the happiest person in the room. Your widow (still oblivious of everything except her loss)—"Yes, that was just like dear David. There was no woman as humble, or honest, or unattractive, dull, but that he could find something pleasant to say to her, and would say it with a smile."

—Household Words

